



VIC ANNOUNCES AWARDS

WARD AND McCORMACK WIN HIGHEST HONORS

The highest award obtainable at Vic is the alumni award. Only two of these awards are presented each year, and they go to the boy and girl who have done the most in the school during their stay, and whose academic standing is good. Fifty percent of the votes come from the Students' Union and the other fifty percent from the teachers.

During her four years at Vic Ina has proved outstanding in all fields. Last year she was coach of the winning team in the girls' house-league basketball, guard on the girls' senior team, and also Sports Editor for the Argosy.

As Social Convener for the students' council this year, she has done an excellent job. A live-wire on the business committee of the Vic Varieties, Ina was instrumental in the publishing of Joe Shector's Vic Song, "Where The Red and Black Fly." Again this year she played senior girls' basketball. As Editor-in-Chief of the Argosy this year,

she won the Quill and Scroll Award. Ina also walked away with one of the Grade 12 Special Awards. She is thus the winner of the 3 highest awards given away at Vic. She is president of the No. 3 chapter of the Girls' Hi-Y and also president of the Girls' Hi-Y Central Council. You can all see Ina well deserves the highest award the school can give her.

Gordon's history at Vic is much like Ina's. Playing basketball for three years, he helped capture the Provincial "A" Boys' Senior Championship. Last year for his work as Advertising Manager of the Argosy, he won the Quill and Scroll award. His energies in regard to the tennis club of which he was President resulted in one of the most successful years the club ever had.

This year he is not only President of the students' council, the highest position in the school, but he is also Business Manager of the Argosy, and was a member of the Business Committee for the Vic Varieties. In spite of all his participation in extra-curricular activities, Gordon can still roll up the 90's in his academic subjects. B. J.

Annual Awards

The 1944-45 school term has yielded a bumper crop of energetic souls who have labored and toiled in the interests of "ye olde publication." In recognition of their services, nine members of the Argosy staff have been chosen to receive honor awards.

Three Quill and Scroll awards, the highest journalistic awards that can be won at Victoria High School, go to: Ina Ward, Editor-in-Chief; Olga Laruska, of the News and Features staffs; and Peggy Johnson, Bugle Notes and Exchanges Editor. These awards are given by the International Honorary Society of High School Journalists, and include membership in the society and a subscription to its magazine, "Quill and Scroll." To win this distinction, the student must be in grade 11 or 12, meet certain academic requirements, and have been a praiseworthy member of the staff.

Six other deserving workers have earned Argosy Special Awards, which demand no special qualifications, except that the students must have done outstanding work for the paper. These winners are: Donna Stevenson, Copy Desk Editor; Maurice Lyons, Advertising Manager; Bill Jackson, News Editor; Emerson Steele, Boys' Sports Editor; Alex Wasylewsky, Circulation Manager; and June Clooney, Features Editor.

The Argosy executive and staff congratulate all award winners. Well done!

ATHLETIC AWARD WINNERS

The Athletic party on May 18 proved to be a very special affair for two people, namely, Ruth Douglas and Jim MacRae, who were presented with the Athletic Award Crests for being the most outstanding athletes at Vic.

Before Miss Lent and Mr. Stewart presented the crests they gave a short review of the sports activities of these two since their arrival at Vic.

Ruth starred in nearly every sport, taking honors in basketball by establishing a new girl's free throw record. She coached basketball and swimming teams, was outstanding in field and track and played tennis and badminton. (The only sport she does not excel in, quoth Drever, is golf!)

Jim in his stay at Vic distinguished himself by starring in Bantam, Junior and Senior rugby, baseball and fast-ball and Junior and Senior basketball, playing forward for our Senior Provincial "A" Champs this year.

The crests that the winners received, as you probably have noticed, are in the shape of a torch, and we are confident that both winners will hold the "torch" high in future sports, and throughout life. E. S.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Six special award winners are chosen each year by the Students' Council, from nominations made by the student body. These winners are usually distinguished not only in the academic field, but in extra-curricular activities as well. We therefore congratulate our 1945 winners:

Grade 10—Marion Brown, Clifford Ozee.

Grade 11—Marie Schwartz, John Harvie.

Grade 12—Ina Ward, Gordon McCormack.

Eminent Victorians



MISS MARY CRAWFORD

This time we are excited and proud to report a very special "Eminent Victorian"—Miss M. R. Crawford.

Miss Crawford is C.C.F. candidate for West Edmonton in the coming Federal Election.

Born in Brampton, Ontario, Miss Crawford took her schooling in her home province and obtained her B.A. degree at the University of Toronto, specializing in History and Modern Languages and later taking her M.A. at the University of Alberta.

Teaching at Vic for many years, Miss Crawford among other teachers has been crusading for a Composite High School which will be built on Vic's campus.

Miss Crawford needs no introduction to the students here. For those who are fortunate enough to have her as a teacher, she has proven a sympathetic well-informed instructor and has helped many who find Social Studies difficult.

Active in Student affairs, Miss Crawford instructs in the Public Speaking and Debating Club and judges their annual competition each spring.

No matter what our political leanings (if any) we wish Miss Crawford the best of luck. B. J.

The Earl of Athlone taking the salute from the Home Guard during his visit to Edmonton.

The Earl of Athlone entering the Prince of Wales Armories. (Picture by Victor Bohonos.)

EMPIRE DAY LIT

One of the most impressive Empire Day Lits ever witnessed at Victoria was held in the Auditorium Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22, 23, in honor of the Vicites who have given their lives in the service of their country.

Gordon McCormack acted as M.C. on Tuesday, and Ken Anderson on Wednesday.

"O Canada" was followed by the Vic Cadet Band, led by Bruce Mathew, in three stirring selections, "Colonel Bogey," "It's A Long Way to Tipperary," and the popular marching song of the last war, "Officer of the Day." Energetic applause showed the audience's satisfaction.

The veiled picture of Victoria's heroes was set in centre stage. The picture honored thirty-three Vic boys who have died in this war.

Don Wilson, accompanied by Mrs. McNally, sang the lively "Road to Mandalay" in his usual effective style.

The audience became very quiet when Mr. Hicks gave his talk about Victoria's sons in the forces. He re-

(Continued on Page 7)



The Vic Argosy



The VIC ARGOSY, a member of the Quill and Scroll Society, published by the students of Victoria High School, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Editor-in-Chief, Ina Ward
Assistant Editor, John Harvie
Art Editor, John Harvie

Copy Desk Editor, Donna Stevenson
Secretary, Joyce Wilson
Business Manager, Gordon McCormack
Circulation Manager, Alex. Wasylewski
Advertising Manager, Maurice Lyons
Exchange Editor, Peggy Johnson
Bugle Notes Editor, Peggy Johnson
Features Editor, June Clooney
Boys' Sports Editor, Emerson Steele
Girls' Sports Editor, Zoe Williams
News Editor, Bill Jackson
Advisor, E. O. Howard

EDITORIAL

As this, the last edition for the term, goes to press, I'd like to thank Vicites for their wholehearted support of the Argosy. Without your backing, it would have been impossible to put out the larger illustrated edition. That's the old Vic Spirit that we yell ourselves hoarse about!

The Argosy Room Reps, slightly greyer now, did a superb job all year. It might make you feel good, Reps, to know that there have been more subscriptions than ever before. Nice going, fellows and gals.

The Victoria Cross goes to all the Editors, and members of the executive, for their co-operation and hard work without which there would have been no Vic Argosy.

The reporters, who tore madly around the day before Copy deadline and two days after, tearing up paper and chewing pencils trying to be original and succeeding in most cases, deserve the D.W.C. (distinguished writing cross—to you).

Have you ever heard of the Copy Desk Staff? Well, they are the unheard-of's who type and retype all articles, count the words one by one, proof-read the galleys, stick up the dummy—of the paper—and then drop into chairs for a quick breath while the paper is at the printer's. Then they start all over again on the next edition. No easy job, Copy Desk. This year they have been "really good." They get all the laurels for the catchy headlines and arrangements of the paper. Believe me, Copy Desk earn all the pats on the back we give them, and more.

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BOB INN

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Bracelet, Bracelet—

Jingle, jingle, clink, clink—heavens, it sounds like the ghost of Scrooge doing his daily dozen. Wrong guess; it's only the latest fad of the high school girl. Bracelets, covering the distance between wrist and elbow, seem to be definitely in.

Whether they are plain gold bands, novel charm bracelets, or identification discs, the more you have the better. Be sure to wear them on both wrists, otherwise you are liable to develop a walk that will be one-sided.

It appears that they can be worn with anything—skirts and sweaters, suits, dresses, jumpers, etc.

These bracelets continue to maintain their charm even though they may drive teachers and parents mad by a steady tinkling against desks and tables.

Just how long they will be seen on wrists of the well-dressed girl is anybody's guess.

M. R.

Well, this is the last time I have to beat my brains for an Editorial. I'd just like to leave one passing thought and I hope you grab it before it slips by.

It seems to me there should be some agreement reached by the staffs of the different school papers throughout the city as to who thought of what first. Some form of local copyright should be arranged. If a school paper originates an idea, it doesn't seem right for another school to borrow it. Why not draw up a constitution to be followed by the school papers?

Have you ever noticed that the different papers have much the same format? (That's technical!) There are three school papers here whose size, shape, print and headlines are the same. If we must borrow, let's do it from out of town papers. Surely with so many different sizes, shapes and ways of printing, some variety could be introduced?

What this all adds up to is: we think the Argosy has had a good year, and the members of the Argosy staff were in there pitching, willing to work a little, play a little, assume a little responsibility and put forth some effort; the results you know.

None of this would have been possible without the capable supervision of Miss E. O. Howard. Miss Howard as Argosy advisor has been very patient with the staff, and her help has been of infinite value to us. We thank you for your support, Miss Howard; we have enjoyed working with you.

If you have ideas for the improvement of the Argosy—save them for the new staff in September.

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BUGLE NOTES

It gives us great pleasure to report that F.O. Richard Reid is safe and well again. Last issue we passed on to you the report that Dick was missing after operations overseas, and it wasn't until the Argosy had gone to press that we learned that he was safe. Dick's twin brother, Jimmy, was recently reported missing after a training flight in Britain. Both are sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Reid.

Pte. George Findlay is overseas with the Canadian army of occupation.

Sub-Lieut. Vic Cox just received his commission and is home on leave.

Evan Wolfe is on the air force reserve list and is attending U. of A.

Pte. Bert Deane was over to see the old school while home on leave from Calgary.

A.C. 1 Glenn Campbell is a wireless electrical mechanic at Alliford Bay, Queen Charlotte Island, on the west coast.

Pte. Lea White of the C.W.A.C. is expected home on leave soon.

F.O. Art Craig was on leave in London for the V-E Day celebrations.

Harry Warhaft is home on leave from the air force.

Earl Wylie, who was discharged from the air force, has enlisted in the R.C.N.

O.S. Harold Slutsky, who was a Chief Petty Officer in the Edmonton Sea Cadets prior to enlistment, is overseas with the navy.

Pte. Evelyn Halburg, Class of '43, joined the C.W.A.C. in August of 1944 and took her basic training at Kitchener, Ontario. This blonde miss has completed her clerk's course and is now stationed with an administration unit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGOSY

Dear Editor:

It has struck me that there must be something fundamentally wrong with our educational system when our teachers are forever upbraiding us for our lack of basic knowledge.

According to our teachers we don't know enough basic English to learn French or Latin or to speak and write our own language. We don't know enough elementary arithmetic to take in Physics or Chemistry, etc., and we don't know enough elementary History to start Social Studies.

If that is so, it isn't our fault. It seems to me that a co-ordinating overall plan should be instituted whereby students of the same mental level would be taught the same material (which they would be capable of learning) so that teachers would not have to stop, for the benefit of the majority, to teach work that should be assumed already learned.

Changes made now will not affect us, but within a few years we will have the power of the vote and the opportunity of preventing the same fate befalling other hapless individuals.

"A Victim."

ZERO HOUR

V-E Day has come and gone, but for many high school students there is still one battle to be fought, the final examinations. To insure success, all military campaigns require extensive study of maps and conditions. The more information in mind, the more likely the success of the battle. Our commanders did not wait 'til D-Day before they planned the invasion of Normandy. Preparations were made months before hand. Likewise, preparations for the "Battle of the Finals" should be made early—now. In fact, every bit of information in reference to it should be studied and reviewed. No stone should be left unturned where the "enemy" may be in wait and ambush us with a "stumper." With every subject covered, when Zero Hour rolls around, victory will be almost certain.

L. S.

in Ottawa.

F.O. Don Moorehouse was lately promoted to that rank, and at present is taking an instructor's course in England.

P.O. Bob Dunn, class of '39, is home on leave from the R.C.A.F. Bob was vice-president of the students' council in his last year at Vic, and was prominent in school wrestling tournaments.

P.O. Lorace Kirk, well-known for his dancing while at Vic, is home for a month. His ship was operating out of Londonderry, Ireland. Lorace will be taking an advanced course at St. Hyacinthe when his leave is over.

Pte. Elaine Thompson, Class of '44, is stationed at Kitchener, Ontario, for her basic training.

L.S. Ken Kencke was mentioned in navy dispatches a few weeks ago.

P.O. George Johnson was injured in an accident and at present is recuperating. He is on the frigate H.M.C.S. LaSalle.

Now that the war in Europe is over, we hope that it soon will be no longer necessary to have a Bugle Notes column. We're all very glad to see so many boys coming home.

Thanks again for all the contributions. Any fellows or girls in the services who would like copies of the grad issue, please order at once through the Argosy office.

P. J.

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Snooper Scoops

Well, friends, here I am startin' off on the last round-up—

Betty Williams claims she'll give Glen Warring 'till V-J Day to discover that her eye isn't just twitching when she meets him; she's winking!

Miriam Dobson just can't decide between Jack Nock and Nat Rayburn. You've got a tough choice there, girl.

Alison Steeves and Doug Broadribb (no he's not her brother; they're cousins) are having twenty-eight days of fun.

Berenice Stenton received roses and candy from Bob Jackson for her birthday. Is it different being eighteen, Bernie?

Joyce Wilson has shifted steadies; now it's Jim Anderson from Eastwood.

At the Formal Dance at the MacDonald Hotel I noticed:

Isabelle Cameron and Alex Hinchliffe;

Peggy Duncan and John Harvie;

Betty Rice and Bill Wigham; Zoe Williams and Lorne Calhoun; Jean Smith and Fossie Wilson; Ina Ward and Dave Clevely; Marian Brown and Ross Brander; Joan Campbell and David Fawcett; Jim Findlay and Dodie Sproule; Ruth Douglas and Russ Aird; Eileen Gray and Ray Gould; Rean Elston and Murray Smith; Lee Sawyer and Brian Dunsworth; Carmel Caldwell and Kenny Anderson; Nanette (two-orchid) Durham and Ray Archer; Jean Graham and Bill Stanton; Joan Gummesson and Allan Griffith; Janice McBride and Larry Mallet; Yvonne Carnegie and Pete Jorgensen; Norma Carlson and John Huckell; Bill Jackson and Joanie Hustler; Betty Christian and Bill Sandborn; Doreen Thompson and George Turton; Beryl Dean and Len Deakum; Jean Dargavel and Ian Allan; Donna Stevenson and Bob Hall.

At the recent Academic Party we noticed:

Marjie McTaggart and Allan Griffith squabbling over a piece written on the blackboard—but I think you're right, Allan, L-O-V-E-S packs more of a wallop than L-I-K-E-S.

Olga Laruska and Hugh Crozier dancing dreamily across our gymnasium floor, but occasionally colliding with Peg Johnson and Walt Balke.

You've perhaps noticed Josephine Shaw and a fellow named Jack, from St. Joseph's High. Jack parks under

INQUIRING REPORTER

What faults have you found with dear old Vic this year?

This was the timely question put to several of our Vicites as the end of another school term draws near. Here were their replies—

Borys Ferby—"It's been pretty dark this year—we need more light in the halls."

Helen Webb—"The dirty old locker rooms should be cleaned up. Maybe I shouldn't kick as I'll probably be here for the new school anyway."

Pat Lee—"I've found very little wrong with Vic, but I guess several more handsome males could have made things even better."

Joan Gummesson—"I think we had too few lits this year; we need some with real Vic talent—we've got the talent, why is it so hidden?"

Jackie McLean—"There has been lack of school spirit this year—not enough fans at games; and the lit dances were all poorly attended; things have never been as bad! Let's hope it improves next year."

Bill Jarvis—"None! I love the place!"

Gary Steeves—"I think the grade twelves run everything—I guess they always have—it's too bad for the tens and elevens!"

Cliff Ozee—"It's been my first year here and I've really enjoyed it; I haven't found any faults at all."

Elaine McLachlan—"The fault with Vic that is foremost in my mind is that it's a school." E. D.

VICITES IN THE NEWS

Viola Leitz, a grade 10, Room 20 student, believes in keeping up with the spirit of Vic. She recently entered an essay contest, sponsored by the Women's Christian Association, and turned in such a fine piece of writing that she was awarded five dollars, the first prize. Congratulations, Viola.

R. H.

the last birch tree on Fourth Street.

Colleen Campbell enjoys choir practice even more than ever since she stands next to Dave Paling.

Did you know Ed Douglas has been voted by the people of Dover, England, as their answer to V-2, V-3, V-4, and V-5? He's a boy with international fame—with that face how can he miss?

Peggy Carter has a nice set of Corporal's stripes—no, she isn't in the army; she's got a fellow.

Kay Babich and Lloyd Petrukovich are the most interesting twosome in Vic's Camera Club.

ATHLETES SHINE

Friday night, May 18, saw the brawn of Vic gathered in the assembly hall to honor the outstanding athletes of '44 and '45.

The program was highlighted by movies, presentation of Athletic Awards and piano solos by the ever popular Ken Schroeder. The movies were sports thrillers supplied by the University Extension Department.

Captains of the Rugby and Basketball teams made short speeches telling of the year's activities, victories and defeats. Bill Price, captain of the Senior Boys' Basketball team, gave a detailed account of the famed Cardston trip (what a trip).

Miss Lent presented Athletic A's to the members of Senior Girls' Basketball team. Vic is rightly proud of these girls who won every game they played except one, which they tied.

Mr. Stewart presented A's to the boys on the Senior Basketball team. These boys didn't stop at winning the honors in Edmonton, but went to Cardston and brought back the Provincial A Championship. Incidentally, this is the first time this championship has been won by a team from the northern part of the province.

Vic's Boxing and Wrestling club came out on top at the annual Boxing and Wrestling Tournament again this year. In return for the honor they brought Vic, those who were responsible for the success received the coveted A's.

The Junior and Bantam Rugby teams were on the championship list too; congratulations fellows; we know rugby is a game for the rugged such as only Vic can produce.

The outstanding event of the evening was the presentation of the two special Athletic Awards. These awards went to the boy and girl in the school who played the most outstanding part in school Athletics. It was inevitable that they would go to Ruth Douglas and Jim MacCrae, obviously the most deserving of the honors.

Food and dancing drew the crowd down into the gym where the rest of the evening was spent gaily; after all who isn't happiest when they're eating? J. S.

A VIC HANGOVER

It was the most untidy room I had ever seen. Different sections of the evening's paper were strewn about the floor. The easy chair in the corner was draped with a coat, a sweater and several other articles of clothing. A pair of dirty shoes lay sideways in the middle of the floor. A sofa pillow lay on the floor where it had fallen. The book case was jammed full of papers and magazines; a few books were piled on top. The table, from which the cloth hung till it touched the floor on one side, was laden with dirty dishes and hundreds of crumbs. Yes, Johnny had just been relaxing and having a snack after a hard day at Vic.

CURRENT EVENTS

Although there is not much talk about the Current Events Club, it is really a thriving little organization. Until a few years ago it was called the Public Speaking and Debating Society, but because of the interest shown by the members in current happenings, the name was changed.

Consisting of about twenty-five members, the club meets every Wednesday at four o'clock in room 9, under the capable supervision of Miss Crawford. Every week they hold a regular business meeting of ten or fifteen minutes in which the minutes are read and old and new business attended to. The main highlights of the news are then given by some member of the club. One or two persons engage in a short discussion on the subject for the week, to acquaint everyone with the topic. It is then turned over to the group as a whole, and usually a very brisk and merry discussion ensues. Everyone is, of course, allowed to present his own opinion and views on the subject, and all the time Miss Crawford, (and the others), are on the look-out for mispronounced words, errors in English, poor enunciation, poor posture, etc. At the end the kids are politely corrected, and everyone finds that as the weeks wear on he is improving in all these things.

For anyone taking Social Studies III, this Club is especially helpful. For those interested in current happenings, it is just the place to discuss them.

At present, the members are all preparing speeches to compete for the trophies which are presented every year to winners in this club.

It is not too late yet to join and enter the contests. If you don't feel you want to enter any of the competitions, why not drop in just to listen to them? You'll be very welcome, and will enjoy them immensely, I'm sure. M.C.

Home Ec-scapades

If any of you girls need your spirits lifted, why not saunter down to the Home Economics classroom? Here you'll find everything from pinafores to home-made waste-paper baskets, all as colorful and attractive as you please.

Even the furniture is all made by the girls in the home economics room, and consists of small dressing tables and stools to match, very prettily and cleverly designed from discarded boxes, barrels and old curtains. A few dabs of paint and a number of knick-knacks add the "homey" effect to the job.

Now, let us see the rows of pinafores and other garments which are sewn at school. Under the supervision of the teacher, the smartest and prettiest patterns are chosen, and when these are donned—well, see for yourself!

In June, the students will model their own frocks, to prove to you that "sewing your own" results in some smart outfits. S. G.

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Do you know that often your hands say things for you that words cannot? Be sure that they are always carefully manicured so that they will speak well of you. There should be no chipped nail polish, ragged cuticle, or broken, uneven nails to mar their appearance.

You will probably be wearing toeless shoes this summer; so while you're at your finger nails take time out for a pedicure. Use matching polish on your toe nails and be sure that they are short.

While we're down under let's take a look at your shoes. It takes very little time to keep them neatly polished. Yes, even your sloppy saddle shoes will look better after a good whitener has been at them. Run down heels are a sure sign of bad taste. If the heels of your "sling-backs" are loose get them braced because you don't look smart and you certainly don't sound smart with them dragging.

Gradually working up, let's take a look at your hem line. If it's even and where it ought to be you can move along! If not, stick around. It won't take long to set it straight if you have a little patience and are handy with a needle and thread. If not, make a bargain with mother to do the dishes by yourself while she helps out with the sewing. Not many are blessed with legs like Grable, and even if you are, it is better to wear your skirts slightly below the knee than slightly above.

Your waist-line should be down by now; that is, if you're following the directions that were in the last issue of the Argosy. By the way, have you noticed Alison?

Your face will be above reproach if it is clean and shining, and made up to bring out your best points. If you use powder, be sure to change to a darker shade in keeping with your tan. If you don't use it, don't worry, you may look cute with freckles.

Your crowning glory may be set off by flowers perched here and there among the curls. For those lazy days when you don't feel like curling your hair, do it up in pig-tails and decorate them with small posies. M. R.

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Edmonton Honors Hollywood Celebrities

George Murphy and Claire Trevor, of Hollywood fame, appeared in public recently at the Selkirk Hotel, in aid of the War Loan drive.

The stars had journeyed to Canada from California at their own expense.

Mr. Murphy, who had appeared in such hit productions as "For Me and My Gal," "Step Lively," and "Broadway Rhythm," is well known for his singing and dancing talents, while Miss Trevor has won fame for her dramatic ability.

Enthusiastic crowds gathered outside the Hotel at First and Jasper to catch a glimpse of the notables, and were doubly impressed when Miss Trevor and Mr. Murphy did a few comedy routines and spoke to them about the necessity for buying bonds. Mr. Murphy also sang a few songs. His rendition of "Embraceable You" had teenagers swooning and sighing so, it would have done credit to Sinatra himself.

Disappointment was shown by the "oh's" and "ah's" that followed Mr. Murphy's statement that they must leave.

The stars were mobbed by autograph hunters at the entrance to the hotel and at their waiting car. Both obliged, smilingly.—O.L.

SPRING IS HERE

Ah spring! The warm, gentle breezes and heavenly sunshine. Bonfires and hot dogs. Victory gardens.

The kids are playing scrub on the corner. We used to play in the empty lots down the street, but there are houses there now. How we always squabbled when we played—but it was fun, even with the scars and bruises that resulted. Most of the kids are gone now, overseas. Some of them won't come back. But those kids on the corner aren't thinking of that.

Won't it be super when the swimming pools open again? Can take an afternoon off sometime, if I don't get caught. Had my jack-knife pretty good last fall; wonder how it is now? But it's going to be gruesome trying to translate French when I can imagine that nice coo-oo-oo-l water.

Well, what do you know! It's nine o'clock. Guess I'll have to stop my homework. Got to go over to the store for a milkshake, and I promised that I'd stop in to see Betty—oh I have so much to do. Homework is always interfering with everything. But I'm proud of myself—I've saved another sheet of paper.—J. Mc.

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BRAINSTERS FETED

All the brain chilluns congregated on May 4th at 8:30 p.m. in the assembly hall to have a little hard-earned fun at the annual Academic Party. The Council, Current Events Club, and Argosy staff were also invited to attend.

Master of ceremonies Hugh Crozier conducted the programme and introduced the performers.

Kenny Schroeder tinkled the keys to the tune of "Twilight Time."

The Quintet—Russ Williamson, Bill Jackson, Jack McLaren, Alan Cameron and Glyn Williams—harmonized on several old favorites, such as "Sweet Genevieve" and "Three Little Fishes."

Bob English gave several impersonations including Al Jolson, Gene Autrey, Henry and Homer, and George Formby.

Ted Hole caused the inevitable sensation with "Concerto for Clarinet."

"It Happened at Vic," our movie, held the interest of the audience for nearly half an hour.

The highlight of the evening was Mr. Shortliffe's annual address which flattered us by implying that we have brains. He then presented the coveted academic pins to the winners.

Food, luscious stuff, consisted of yummy cake and chocolate milk. (No, they didn't have doughnuts. Surprise, Surprise!!)

The well-stuffed hep-cats then retired to the gym where they danced to the strains of the new school records.

D. S.

BOOK BINDERS

Vic students have probably noticed, or rather smelled, a peculiar odor coming from the library at noon on Wednesdays. If you had investigated you would have found that the smell was that of glue being melted for a small class of ambitious book binders.

This little group has volunteered to come to the aid of despairing books which have fallen to pieces or are in need of new covers. The experienced binders teach the beginners the technique of taking an old book and making it look like new. There is a great deal of satisfaction to be had when you gaze upon your first completed book.

The job is slow, not because it is hard but because it takes 24 hours for the glue to dry. As there is only one period per week set aside for this job, only a little progress can be made at one time.

A lot of good is derived by ambitious people from these lessons. Why don't you attend? Z. Y. L.

PHOTOGRAPHS

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Weddings
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LOOKING THEM OVER

Every year, surprising as it may seem, a certain number of Vicites graduate. Thinking you'd like to know what the Vic assembly line was turning out, we planted ourselves on Vulture Perch, habitat of local 69 (some of whom will be leaving us) and pounced on some of the Grads as they staggered by burdened with books.

The inquiries netted these results: Walter Balke is going to the U. of A. next year to take Engineering. He hopes to do research.

Edith Mah plans on getting her B.A. at the University of Alberta, then traveling to Chicago to do Post Graduate work in Social Service. I hear we can look her up in China after that.

Our Vicite with the violin, Zonia Lazarowich is going to Winnipeg next year to study under Prof. J. Waterhouse. Ambition: to get her L.R.S.M. and go to London, England to attend the Royal Academy of Music.

Hugh Crozier, Students' Union Academic Rep, is going to the U. of A. to take Honors in Chemistry.

And Walter Ilkew is journeying across the river to take Chemical Engineering.

Margaret Stewart would like to be an X-Ray technician, that is if Roman doesn't mind.

Louise Redmond, Audrey Sinclair, Georgia Roy, Drusilla Burton, Frances Holden and Evelyn Stockinsky are all set to start their nursing careers in September.

Lea Goelman is going to keep Hngh company, honors in Chemistry.

Vic seems to be turning out a lot of engineer-minded fellows. Bill Walters wants to cross the bridge for electrical engineering.

Not to let the boys outshine the girls: Violet Sollanlych is going to turn her efforts to honors in Chemistry too.

Mr. Shortliffe is on his way to class; so we had better hurry or we'll be late for the next period. I. W.

V-E DAY

Glad tidings fill the Nation,
This glorious 7th of May,
For the war in Europe's over,
And peace has come to stay.
Joy is upon all faces,
And music fills the air,
As people show their pleasure,
In contrast to despair.

Bunting gaily flutters,
Flags are raised on high,
The sun is shining brightly,
And clouds have left the sky.
The hopes again have risen
For dear ones far away,
Who soon will be returning,
With their loving ones to stay.

N. C.

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GIRLS' FASTBALL ORGANIZED

Girls' House League Fastball made a sure hit for success when, on April 30, at the organization meeting, it was decided to form a four-team circuit.

Sponsored by Miss Lent and Miss Hegler, the four teams captained by Pat Gunn, Cora Shalen, Mary Colin and Joanna Graham, promised to give strong opposition to any challengers.

The league schedule provides for two games per team per week up until the middle of June. Then, if necessary, rained-out games and play-offs will be played.

The girls are "strutting their stuff" on both the East and South diamonds every Monday and Wednesday at four. How about giving them a look-see? It'll be worth your while. (Hubba! Hubba!)

M. M.

BOWLING IS AN ART

With spring in their step and an air of joviality, a group of young men entered a bowling alley in the metropolis of the North: Edmonton, Alberta.

I was among the select gathering and as we wound our way among the throng of bowlers, vainly looking for a strip of hardwood floor called an alley, a question rang through a mass of grey and white matter located directly above my neck. "Would I score high or would I score low?"

Finally after beating several old ladies and small children into submission, we procured an alley. The great moment had arrived. I removed a round black object about the size of a baseball but much heavier, from a rack and took my stance. Walking quickly forward, I released the ball. It bounded forward in a zig-zag motion, finally running into a groove along the edge of the alley, crashing into the back-stop and causing the pin-boy to wonder if he shouldn't get a nice quiet job in a munitions factory.

The next ball was better, took out a pin on the outside right. I was told that this was not classed as professional. The third ball also decided to take a trip of its own and part of my kneecap with it. But having a hardy constitution, I withstood the shock and continued.

Splits and spares flew fast but not my way, but all good things must come to an end and believe it or not, I scored a 155.

By the way if you can't read the writing it isn't my fault, I didn't want my right arm anyway.

J. McL.

Bird-chasers To Hold Tournament

Plans for a Badminton Tourney are nearing completion, and results will be posted on the Main Bulletin Board. The Club's activities have been postponed since Easter Exams, but a "back-to-normal" schedule allows half the club members to play each Friday noon, and results seem fairly satisfactory to all. Nearing the end of the season we find that almost all the beginners are pretty "jivy" on the Gym floor (including yours truly) and even the "Meek Ones" who were scared to touch the bird, are now "Battling" it around like "Nobuddy's Business." B.R.

THE VIC CADET CORPS

V-E Day

On Sunday, May 13th, a massed parade of over 2,000 men of the different services participated in remembrance services for V-E day. Included in the 2,000 marching, were units of the Sea, Army, and Air Cadets.

The Army Cadets met at Eastwood High, and formed up with the Vic Cadet Corps at the head of the parade. Marching from Eastwood South to the Exhibition Grounds, the Vic Cadet corps set a snappy pace, and showed excellent marching form as they breezed by the Air Cadets, who were lined up just outside the West Gate to the grounds. Although the marching was of the best, the absence of our Vic Cadet Band was felt by all.

After waiting for half an hour or so, the whole parade proceeded to the inner grounds of the race track where the services were held. After the services were over, the parade marched past in column of route, and gave their "eyes left" to Lt.-Governor Bowen, and Premier Manning. Not by any means the least smart of the units was the 180 Army Cadets led by Vic.

Of this rate of improvement, our Cadet Corps should walk off with top honors this year in the annual inspection which is to be held on June 6, 1945.

When you have a group of boys as spirited as the ones in our Cadet Corps, and under the capable leadership of Capt. Stewart, is it any wonder that no other Cadet Corps has, as yet, the honor of topping our boys? N.D.

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GOLF?

From all appearances the annual golf tournament at dear old Vic will be a bangup success this year.

Qualifying scores handed in were, on the whole, many strokes under last year's entries. The three low qualifiers were Drever, Campbell and Grierson with scores of 82, 87 and 91 respectively. As the highest qualifying round handed in was 115 we can look for some real competition.

Sports are playing a large part in our daily life and golf is no exception. Brush up on yours this year, and next year get into the tournament and help make it a success. J. F.

HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE

It is a great day in the life of the cadet when he first reports for shooting. He is led along a dim, dusty corridor into a pitch-black cavern which, he is told, is the range. He had previously thought a range was something you cooked food on, but now he knows better.

He lies down on a solid wooden platform, tastily decorated with a thin khaki mattress, which is about as soft as a sheet of armour plating, and takes a short nap until the familiar voice of his sergeant bellows, "Ten rounds at will, fire!" Quite hopefully our cadet begins to look for Will, because he has never liked Will very much at any time, but not finding him, he decides to fire at the squares of cardboard that are visible at the other end of the range. Up goes the rifle to his shoulder. He lines up his sights on the target and pulls the trigger. A sharp click—nothing more.

"Well, next time I'll remember to load the gun," he says to himself. Again he prepares to fire. This time the round goes off. A voice from behind him says, "Magpie at three o'clock."

He replies, "No, thank you," courteously, and prepares to resume his shooting.

"That's where you hit the target; brighten up, Bud." Feeling much lower than a mouse, he fires off the remaining nine rounds, his ration for the day.

He jumps from the mat and dashes to retrieve his target. With a sinking at the pit of his stomach, he finds his target perfect—not even a scratch upon

KILLING THE KILOCYCLES

The other night, having nothing better to do, I decided to spend an easy evening just lounging around listening to the radio.

The first thing I heard was a heart-rending story. You know the type, the heroine has been deserted by her faithless husband, who has run off with her sister, who has murdered the heroine's mother-in-law, the heroine naturally being charged with the crime. This was preceded by a long commercial praising the virtues of Sudsy Soap for its many blessings to the housewives of today.

Having had enough of Mournful Millie and her troubles, I tried another station where I found "Jokes Jones" and his Bags of Gags really laying the boys in the aisles, (from where they were taken to a sanitarium). The humor of this program was fast moving and snappy also, to avoid the missiles being thrown from the audience.

The next and most horrible of my night's experience was the Gaspo Cigarette program. It had a huge chorus singing a commercial; you've all heard it, "When you're feeling weak and blue, Gaspo Fags are good for you; Buy our king size, four feet long; you can get them for a song!" This outrage was accompanied by Michele Romanoff's 100-piece orchestra. The actual program was a man's description of his trip through the public library.

Frantically I turned from this to a political program where Honest Al McChisler was promising his candidates a wonderful post-war program consisting of every home having a bathtub with magazine racks, refrigerators with door-chimes, etc. After this I struck a horror program so chilling the radio got a coat of ice.

Finally I got what I had been looking for! A musical program with no commercials and just the right kind of music. Then it happened! There was a loud scream of static, accompanied by whistles and whines. The tubes had burnt out! I was almost driven to doing a little homework! R. R.

it. Looking over at the next target three feet away he solves the mystery of the lost lead in true Sherlock Holmes style. There are his ten slugs, leering at him from the wrong target.

He mutters the usual alibi about the rifle being no good, and cheers up when he thinks of the good score he will make next time. J. N.

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Corridor Comments

Edmonton went in for a rare week-end when it honored visiting celebrities, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, as well as George Murphy and Claire Trevor of Hollywood fame.

School was dismissed at 10:30 a.m. last Wednesday, May 4, so that students could attend the Governor General's inspection of the veterans' guard at the Prince of Wales Armouries.

George Murphy and Claire Trevor appeared in public at the Selkirk Hotel in aid of our war loan drive. The two notables who had travelled to Canada at their own expense, did comedy routines, and gave talks on patriotism. Miss Trevor looked lovely, sporting an orchid th-a-t big. And when "Georgie" sang, "Embraceable You!" Mmm!! (Who's that guy, Sinatra, anyway?)

Dear Editor, Why?

The long-awaited Academic dance held May 6, was labelled as, "Just another Vic dance,"—or an excuse for a flop. I, for one, would like to know why? The entertainment provided was certainly worth while; there was plenty of food, and loads of hit discs to dance to. All could have gone to make for a super time. Instead, only a few hopefuls showed up, and most of them left before the 11:30 curfew. I ask you, is that school spirit???

How About You?

Ye Tennis Club activities have been slightly curtailed by the fact that weeds do grow! so helpful members have willingly indulged in cleaning up the courts. Membership is still open, and there's lots of work for all. (heh, heh.)

V For Varga

Recently presented at Central Teen Town was Edmonteen's version of the twelve Varga beauties, each representing a month of the year. Many of Vic's "lovelies," paraded in the group in appropriately styled costumes.

Alf Jackson as, "December," looked especially attractive in the latest in white cotton underwear worn expose' under a luxurious (?) fur coat.

Ed Douglas made a charming, naive June bride, scantily robed in petite satin tights, wispy veil, and the required bouquet. Sweet stuff!

Si, Si, Si!

"C" is for cool, cotton, and cute which makes for a dainty frock that will look just right on you. Gingham checks stage a repeat performance this summer for pinafores and dresses. Bright combinations and simple lines are attractive and tres chic.

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WORLD CELEBRATES V-E DAY

The news came suddenly—Germany had capitulated.

The surrender which brought the war in Europe to a close after five years eight months and six days of horror and bloodshed took place in a small school house in the ancient and beautiful city of Rheims, France, where Lt. Gen. W. B. Smith, Gen. Ivan Suslaparoff and Gen. Francois Sevez accepted the unconditional surrender of Germany from Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl and Admiral Hans Friedeburg.

Germany, who began the war with a brutal attack upon Poland, and carried it out with unprecedented brutality and terrorism, after overrunning nearly all Europe, surrendered with an appeal to the victors for mercy towards the German people and armed forces.

The surrender of the Third Reich to the Western Allies and Russia came after 2 weeks in which Hitler's successor, Grand Admiral Carl Doenitz, saw his great German empire crumble around him from the crushing blows of the Allies and Russia. Admiral Doenitz ordered the general capitulation of the entire land, sea and air forces of Germany after two days of consultation with other high German officials.

The end of the European war, bloodiest and costliest war in human history, came after nearly six years of strife which had spread to all corners of the globe.

However, the realization that victory was not complete came with the announcement that troops were already being moved into the Pacific area to bring about the defeat of the Imperial Japanese Empire.

B. J.

Swing It!

Boys' baseball teams have been organized at Vic, and by the number and names of applicants, we should have some exceptional competition in that field. Practices will be held on the campus at noon and after four. Mr. Stewart is in charge.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

That Edmonteen's are now publishing a paper of their own (competition) with energetic Vicite Marge Richardson as editor?

That Gene Kelly is in the navy? (Sob, sob.)

That now's the time to complete that war savings certificate? (Stamps are available from your register room salesman, or from the office at any time.)

That this is the last publication of "Corridor Comments," and the last edition of the Vic Argosy this term?

It's been fun writing this column, and we hope you'll enjoyed reading it half as much as we enjoyed bringing it to you. All fo'now, and good luck to next year's Argosy.—O.L.

THE DELL

(For the Best)

Take Your Belle to the Dell
Next to the Empress Theatre

The Superficial Aspects of V-E Day

Edmonton greeted V-E Day early Monday, not with hooting whistles or jubilant cheers, but in a silence that reflected the relief of citizens.

The news did not spread like wildfire. Some students made their way quietly to school without the knowledge that victory in Europe was complete.

At 8:30 it was announced on the radio that schools would remain open Monday morning until an announcement came from the "Big Three."

Eighteen thousand pupils made their way to city schools, nevertheless hopeful that it would be a holiday and that they would have an early opportunity to join in the celebration.

At Victoria High, although nearly three-quarters of the pupils were in attendance, little studying was done. Instead, attention centred on the events of the day, while available radios announced the momentous news.

Later, a short service was held in the Assembly Hall under the supervision of Mr. Hicks. Olga Laruska and Gordon McCormack assisted with the program, while Dr. Misener led in appropriate prayers. With the singing of "God Save the King," school was dismissed.

Hon. R. Ansley, Minister of Education, announced that all schools were to be closed in the province at 1:00 p.m., Monday, and not reopened until Wednesday morning.

Home-going students saw flags displayed on theatres and various buildings and offices.

Students observed the occasion according to their own tastes. Some attended church services, others movies, and still others gathered in downtown streets. With a return to school Wednesday, homework, and final exams once again confronted the pupils.

There was still the reminder also that we dare not relax our efforts in the prosecution of the war against our last remaining enemy, Japan.

T. S.

Review of Selected Short Stories

By Ernest Hemingway

Several years before Ernest Hemingway took his place in the ranks of America's leading novelists, he had won acclaim as a short story writer of unusual power and originality. Today he is recognized as a master of that medium, and his fame rests as surely upon "The Killers," "Fifty Grand" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" as upon "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell To Arms" and "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

In 1924, his first book of collected short stories, entitled "In Our Time," burst upon the literary scene with instantaneous and lasting success. For Hemingway's influence upon modern short story writing has been not widespread and profound. His style has been imitated more often, probably, than that of any other contemporary

LAURELS TO PAPER STAFF

We have had a hard-working staff this year, but without the many Anonymous persons who have contributed so much to each issue, our Argosy would never have attained the high standards we believe it has reached.

At the beginning of each school term, when the Argosy reorganization meeting is held, prospective members are informed that certain qualifications must be obtained before anyone is entitled to staff membership. We hereby publish the names of those assistants who have qualified.

Advertising: Jean Smith, Dick Spilsted.

Copy Desk: Joan Gummesson, Maxine McLeod, Rosalie Rubin, Kitty Wiggins, Betty Williams, Joyce Wilson.

News: Norm Dlin, Rose Dolinko, Hammy Drever, Rosalie Huculuk, Peggy Johnson, Olga Laruska, Jean Smith.

Features: Ed Douglas, Olga Laruska, Irving Ornest, Marj Richardson, Irene Roy, Harry Saslow, Alison Steeves.

Sports: Betty Rice, Mary Miller, Ervin Armstrong, Jim Findlay, Pat Gunn.

Room Reps: Joyce Baker, Marion Brown, Isobel Cameron, Rean Elston, Jim Findlay, Eileen Gray, Byron Hardin, Ted Hole, Joe Kischuk, Ralph MacMillan, Tom Mayson, Marjorie McTaggart, Steve Paproski, Amy Penchuk, Bill Prunkl, Gloria Sohnle, Bill Stanton, George Turton.

Sincere thanks for all the hard work you've put into the school publication this year, fellows and gals. Keep it up!

writer, and his stories have been cited again and again as perfect examples of their mind.

From his varied experience in many parts of the world has come the material for these stories, unrivalled in the English language for dramatic power and penetrating insight. There are tales built around memories of boyhood in the American Northwest; stories of sport, alive with the joy of living which springs from the heart of real sportsmen; vivid and piercing recollections of war years; and revealing impressions of modern life told with infectious excitement and uncanny accuracy.

J. C.

Cliff Ozee (to oculist): "I want a pair of spec-rimmed Homicles, I mean a pair of sporm rimmed Hectacles, no, a pair of hek-rimmed spomicles, no, no, dawgone it I want a pair of Him-rormed spectacles." (Collapse of oculist).

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EXCHANGES

Climbing up on the exchange shelf and donning our specs, we read that:

Our British Columbia namesake, Vic High, has come out on top in a battle for more mirrors in their washrooms. If they can do it, why can't we? Hmmm?

Here we might pass on the appropriate remark of a Vicite when asked by a Camosunet reporter how spring affected her, "I'ds very discouraging—how fever and luv just do nod bix!" How true, how true.

You may remember our mentioning the visit of a number of Vic (B.C.) students to friends at Bremerton High across the border. So now the Camosunet reports a return visit, paid by Bremertonites. That's fair, n'est-ce pas? Time-takers over that eventful April week-end were discussions, a luncheon, tour of prominent provincial edifices, and a bike-hike, with a couple of gay parties thrown in to add to the fun.

Hate to bring up the subject, but the Newporter, from Newport, Kty., warns seniors in a recent editorial to buckle down during these last few fleeting weeks before the finals. Brrrrrr! A word to the wise—

Westglen is winding up the '44-'45 terms with flying colors. The west-enders held their final assembly in May, giving everyone the opportunity to criticize the students' council and offer suggestions for a better governing body next year.

Also on the menu at W.H.S. are a hardtime hike and dance for grads during May, and commencement exercises early in June, when award pins will be presented to outstanding students. A right smart way of signing "finis" to a successful term.

Defending her culinary honor, an enterprising young girl at Fordson High in Dearborn, Michigan, recently baked the fellows of her class a scrumptuous nut-cake iced with white frosting after those unbelievers had bet her that she couldn't cook. According to the Tribune, the girl's kitchen accomplishments were highly praised by her razers when each had tasted the yummy

JOKES

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Two mice ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The other got away.

* * *

Steve P.: (at the Hi-Y initiation): "Say what's the best exercise for reducing?"

Chris V.: "Just move your head slowly from the right to the left when asked to have a second helping."

* * *

Some high school girls pursue learning; others learn pursuing.

* * *

She was only a baggage man's daughter, but she sure knew her grip.

evidence. Well, some guy's going to be lucky!

* * *

Also these humorous (?) skimmings from various exchanges—

G. McCormack: "Let's give the bride the soap."

J. McCrae: "Count me in—I'll bring a shower."

Central Perroquet.

Miss Teskey: "Say, 'these eyes'."

Bob Smith: "Ces oeil."

Miss Teskey: "Ces yeux!"

Bob: "Yeh, says me!"

Alexandra En Avant.

Eddie: "I had to kill my dog this morning."

George: "Was he mad?"

Eddie: "Well, he didn't seem too pleased about it."

Newport Newporter.

These dainty lines of verse might interest the elite who manager to understand Latin:

Boyibus kissibus sweet girliorum

Girlibus likibus askum for morum!

Still in a poetic vein, we close by inscribing this bit of iambic trimeter or something:

Your kiss has cemented our love, dear,
It has left me speechless and dumb;
Your sweet lips clung close to mine,
dear—

'Twas that doggone chewing gum!

P. J.

REMEMBER ? ?

As Seen By A Victoria High School Pupil

We thought you'd be interested in seeing the picture of Mrs. R. J. Twining, known to Vicites as Miss Maguire. Incidentally, the dog is called "Vic." Mrs. Twining gave us three guesses why.

Formerly a Vic teacher, she took the fatal plunge (the lucky woman) and now resides in Victoria, B.C. Miss Maguire, I mean Mrs. Twining, was founder of the Vic Argosy 12 or 15 years ago and was at the helm up until the time she left Vic to keep the home fires burning; we hear she does very well at that too. Originally Mrs. Twining was a Physical Education instructor, but later taught English. Since leaving us, she has kept in touch with the Argosy even on wash days.—I.W.

DOWNIE RETURNS

All you delinquents had better beware!—that blonde woman is back again, peering 'round corners with the detention book tucked underneath her arm. Of course we mean the school secretary, Miss Roma D—oops!—Mrs. R. McNally, who left for the United States in March to altar (pun) her status. The lucky man is one Lieut. Richard Steven McNally of the U.S. Army. The ceremony took place in St. Joseph's Rectory, New York, from where our Roma and her hubby left on a honeymoon trip to Hampton Roads, Virginia.

While Mrs. McNally was away, her mother, Mrs. G. F. Downie, kindly consented to take over her daughter's school duties. P.S.: We all found Mrs. Downie to be one swell person.

Of course, Mrs. McNally is still starry-eyed, but she doesn't seem to be letting that interfere with her patrolling of school corridors. We know! M. J.

Don V.: "Tonight I shall steal beneath your window and serenade you."

Betty R.: "Do, and I'll drop you a flower."

Don W.: "In a moment of mad love?"

Betty R.: "No, in a flower pot."

* * *

Gordie Grierson (while driving, says to Fred Campbell, who is beside him), "That's an attractive village we are coming to, wasn't it?"

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Empire Day Lit

(Continued from Page 1)

minded us of the sacrifice these boys had given—the supreme sacrifice of their own lives—in order that we might live in freedom. He concluded his impressive talk by reciting this poem written by Amelia Earhart, entitled "Courage":

Courage is the price that Life exacts for granting peace.

The soul that knows it not, knows no release

From little things:

Knows not the livid loneliness of fear,
Nor mountain heights where bitter joy can hear

The sound of wings.

How can life grant us boon of living, compensate

For dull, gray ugliness and pregnant hate

Unless we dare

The soul's dominion? Each time we make a choice, we pay

With courage to behold resistless day,
And count it fair.

Mr. Hicks, assisted by the school president, Gordon McCormack, unveiled the picture. The president read the list of names:

Sgt. W.A.G. Edward J. Graham
Squad. Ldr. Richard P. Wilkin, D.F.C.
P/O Thomas Foster
Sgt. Pt. Howard M. McLaughlin
P/O Irving Garfin
Sgt. Observer William Bartleman
Flt. Sgt. Neil T. MacAulay
P/O D'Arcy J. Graham
Sgt. John A. Paplaski
P/O Lloyd Young
Flt. Sgt. Russell Mills
P/O Harry L. Humphries
P/O George Jackson (missing)
P/O John G. Hoar
Flt. Lt. James Whitham, D.F.C.
Sgt. Pilot Ernest A. Hoag
P/O Arthur Maxwell
Squad. Ldr. John W. Dallamore
P/O John D. Willan
Flt. Lt. John R. Sterne, D.F.C.
W.A.G. Arthur K. Hamilton
F/O Hugh Chapman
P/O William A. Walkinshaw
F/O Vladimir Adamic
W.O. 2 W.A.G. William D. Boon
Squad. Ldr. Donald E. Ball (missing)
P/O Philip Nash
Flt. Sgt. Mandel Bloomfield
P/O (Nav.) Fred Davies
Flt. Lt. John Sommerville Cardell
P/O Alan S. MacDonald
F/O J. M. (Kenzie) Colvin
Sgt. Observer Jack L. Gibson

The Invocation was given by Dr. Misener. This was followed by the timeless quotation, "Lord's Prayer." Bob English gave a reading of a most touching poem by Robert Service, "Young Fellow, My Lad."

Don Wilson sang again, this time, "Dear Little Boy of Mine"; Olga Laruska read "A Soldier's Prayer."

The lit concluded with "The King."
—O.L.

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Purpose: To introduce Marjorie Richardson.

Apparatus and Materials: A purty little package of 5'1" of sunshine, big eyes, freckles and slightly auburn hair.

Observations: Born on Sept. 21, 1927, in Innisfail. Lived in several southern Alberta towns before coming to Edmonton. At the age of six, boarded the old educational trolley and took a nine-year ride through McKay Avenue. Then transferred and came to Vic where she's been taken for a ride (as far as education is concerned) ever since. Her last stop is going to be an American University where she'll take journalism. Marj is a three-year Hi-Y member, on the Copy Desk Staff, and writes the fashion news for the Argosy. Is chairman of Central Edmon-teen's Publicity Committee. Likes Van Johnson (or a reasonable facsimile), Frankie, "Our Waltz" and "Laura," tall people, sauerkraut and John Hodiak. Dislikes high heels and earrings at school, freckles, wind and rain, studying and school.

Conclusion: Marjorie Richardson—one swell little gal.



INA WARD

Ina wailed her way into the world one June 26 of the y'ar 1926. The setting for the tragedy was Regina, Saskatchewan.

After short engagements in Calgary and Vernon, she decided to give Edmonton a shock, and remained ici.

Primary education was received at Spruce Avenue, and then—THEN—she made her debut at Vic.

She's editor of the Argosy and Yearbook (judge for yourself), and president of the Edmonton Hi-Y Girls' Central Council, and of chapter three of the Vic Hi-Y. She manages to act as social convener of the Students Union, and as president of a C.G.I.T. group. Insists her proudest accomplishment was the work done on the Business Committee of Varieties. Also played guard on the Senior Basketball team.

Was given the Argosy Special Award last year for time spent in "our cause", and is a 1945 Quill and Scroll winner. Attempts house-league baseball, (but hasn't hit the ball yet.)

She luvs: Calgary, Bruce (how did that get in here?), chocolate pudding, reading, and "Gruesome Greer." (O come now!!)

She lives in casual sports clothes (is that what you call them!) and spends her spare moments bicycling, skating, or walking in the rain.

Is averse to watching girls smoke, or listening to catty gossip.

Decides she wants to be a nurse, social worker, journalist, photographer, or lion tamer. With all that to choose from, she should get somewhere.



ALEC WASALEWSKY

For some time now, we've been thinking that more people should know Alec. As he won't go around introducing himself, we are going to do it for him. I think we are perfectly safe in saying that once you have made a friend of him, you've got somebody you can count on. He isn't one to advertise his own virtues, but for some reason or other a lot of people are made aware of him.

He was born in Poland on October 6, 1927, and soon afterward his family came to Edmonton. He attended McCauley, Norwood, and Spruce Avenue schools before coming to Vic. His light has shone mostly in the academic field, but he assures us that studying is far from being his one pleasure. He is a mild indulger in almost all sports, plays Junior Basketball at Vic, and is Circulation Manager of the Argosy. Could that be one of the reasons the Argosy Circulation is the biggest it has ever been?

In each of his three years at High School he has won an academic pin, and after graduating this year, he thinks he my go to Varsity to take an engineering course.

Whatever you do though, Alec, we know you will do it just a bit better than anyone else.



BILL PRICE

It was harder than pulling teeth to get this info from Brill Price, that strong silent mister of register room 10, but by means of never-you-mind, we got it, and here it is:

He considered himself a new addition July 18, 1927 down Saskatoon way. Spent time at Saskatchewan, Ontario and B.C. before alighting in Alberta where Edmonton stole his fancy.

Began making history at Vic just a little under one and a half years ago. He won an academic pin last year, and starred on the Senior Boys' Basketball Team. In between times, he captained the boys' hardball team, and claims he played weak sister to the school's 1 ball group. (O yeah!)

Because of his outstanding ability in basketball, he's called, "Captain" of this year's Seniors. He proudly walked off with a 1945 Academic pin, too.

"Willie," of the enchanting smile, centres his interests 'round movies, milkshakes, and listening to all kinds of music. Thinks loafing is wonderful, and abhors energetic people. He steers clear of practically all girls, (but that doesn't stop most of us dreaming!) Firmly believes Heaven is minus a place called "School," and a "thing" called homework.

Predicts an undistinguished future, but hopes Fate holds money and fun in store. He guesses he'll go to Varsity, sometime, but hasn't decided what for yet.



Mrs. R. J. Twining, an ex-Vicite, and her dog, Vic



Roma Downie (Mrs. McNally to us) and her husband on their honeymoon